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dressed to the Business Manager.

"**E**NDOWED with men!" This is Rev. Dr. Milligan's description of Queen's. And as we hear of her sons and daughters and many friends banding themselves together in distant cities to plan for her welfare, we are convinced that the description is true. We are proud of our professors and their loyalty to Queen's. In them, no doubt, she is richly endowed. But not less so in those graduates and friends, who, in the whirl of commercial and professional life, retain their first love, and find time to plan ways and means of supplying the ever-increasing needs of their old Alma Mater.

Her children are rising in the gates and calling her blessed. Having done this they will not leave her in want. We, therefore, hail with joy the formation of Queen's University Associations in the different cities of Ontario. Ottawa was the first to take this step. Toronto has followed the good example. Others are doing likewise. Still there is room and work for all. New buildings are needed; more professors; and more money for running expenses. All this the University Associations will help to supply. In the first place, they will arouse the interest of many whose mites will swell the endowment fund. But especially will their influence attract good students to the halls of a university which inspires her friends with such love and loyalty. No greater boon could be bestowed on any university. Here, if anywhere, it is true that by their fruits they are known; and with an abundance of

good material we can trust Queen's to turn out such men as will win for her an even more hearty support than she has received in the past. We, therefore, see in these rising associations an earnest of still better days to come, and with a new faith we say to their members and to all the graduates of Queen's, "Quit you like men."

~ * ~

The victory which Queen's hockey team won over Yale in New York Saturday evening, places our representatives in the proud position of inter-collegiate champions of America. It is no small glory to stand in the front rank of the many who play, and delight in the cleanest and manliest of winter sports. Whether or not our team is destined to maintain the brilliant record which, during the past few years, it has won, we can at least claim that Queen's has done more than any other team in Ontario toward the development of that game which has eclipsed in popular favor all other outdoor sports of winter. Tobogganing and snowshoeing were once supreme, but where are they?

It seems but yesterday that the present writer witnessed the strange and most unscientific exhibition which was remarkable as being the first game of hockey ever played in Ontario. The contest took place on Kingston harbour in a rink managed by Capt. Dix, the present proprietor of the Royal, between teams representing the R. M. C. and Queen's University. Combination play was then a thing undreamed of, and any tattered street urchin of the present day has a clearer knowledge of the finer points of the game than had any of the gladiators who struggled that day for glory and goals. By what our Alma Mater Society orator would call a "strange concatenation of circumstances" the champions of Queen's succeeded in defeating their military opponents, (from whom they had borrowed sticks for the occasion), and won the first of their many victories in the hockey arena.

Since that time the game has steadily grown in popular favour, until every village and hamlet has its team, until every inland lake and frog-pond has its crowd of enthusiastic puck-chasers. Yes, even our neighbours to the south, discarding polo and

other insipid amusements, have begun to do homage to the new sovereign, and we predict that ere long Canadian hockeyists will find in their American fellow-sportsmen, opponents worthy of their steel. There is that in the game which ensures to it long life and popularity. Long live King Hockey!

* * *

The Mock Parliament is with us again in earnest. As a serious affair it is most amusing, and as a matter of amusement it is seriously performed. By combining opposite phases it presents a whole truth, and reminds us that laughter is not far from tears. To parley is not necessarily to mock, and there is a kind of mockery that does not arouse two she bears to tear forty and two children. So the Mock Parliament, with all due respect to the genuine parliament,—from which mockery is not absolutely excluded,—combines recreation with training in readiness of thought and expression. Debate, wit, eloquence are there in play. "Sport is the bloom and glow of a perfect health," and the hilarity and good humour of the floor of the house are quite in accord with serious mental development.

As we look into the past we are struck with the fact that so many great statesmen, eminent divines and successful men of business laid the foundations of their usefulness in childhood's mimes. The little boy who pronounced the benediction in his game of church by saying, with simple seriousness, "O Lord, I am going for the mail," will yet be a devout pastor. The houses, the schools, the shops, the pulpits of early years are foretastes of life's real stage whereon all men are actors. We would not be without faith in Sentimental Tommy. His miraculous prayer, his solemn mourning, his melting letters and "The Last Jacobite Rising" confuse us. What on earth will the boy become, actor, or writer, or what? Let him be made a Mock Parliamentarian and combine all the gifts of his imagination in the public service of his country.

Observe the practical wisdom, the manners, the insight, the patriotism developed by such institutions as our Mock Parliament, and have great hope for your country because the present session has opened auspiciously, with due regard to externals and internals. The treasury has new occupants and even Black Rod changeth, but stable amid all flux, serene amid the wreck of parties and the crash of worlds, our perennial speaker waves his magic arm, and all is decorum.

* * *

There seems to be on the part of the members of the different professions in this, as in other small cities, a lamentable tendency towards the silly and unprofitable display of petty jealousies. With few exceptions the members of the bar are continually

railing at one another, never missing an opportunity of landing a sharp upper cut of biting and scathing sarcasm, or in other ways showing their utter contempt for one another. In religious circles an equally strong, though perhaps more ingeniously disguised rivalry is manifested—a wholesome rivalry perhaps, but one which has had the effect of increasing tremendously the obligations of the different congregations in the city.

No one would deny, and no one would wish to deny, that innumerable advantages are to be gained from the exercise of a pure, open, whole-souled rivalry; for in a good-natured contention of this kind the contestants benefit not only themselves but others as well. But what are we to say of the abuse of such a power, an abuse which to our mind is practiced by the medical profession in small places where there is the keenest competition among the different members to edge themselves into the good graces of the townsfolk? It surely is not a very edifying spectacle to see the profession degraded by members, who, entertaining a disgraceful jealousy of one another, take every opportunity that presents itself of saying a harsh, unsympathetic, and very often even false word against a brother member. Yet any one who is at all conversant with the habits of medical gentlemen, especially in small places, is painfully conscious that this is exactly what is being done every day in their ranks.

The spirit thus displayed, however, is not confined to individuals alone, but seems also to prevail among factions. The society a review of whose organ appeared in a recent number of the JOURNAL affords a very striking illustration of our meaning. How is it just that certain members of any profession should band themselves together, saying "we constitute the brains of the medical profession in this city; let us form ourselves into a society," deliberately excluding other practitioners?

Surely such a spirit is by no means commendable. What a contrast is here called up to the agreeable harmony that prevails among members of the same profession in larger cities, where each one has made a name for himself, and so can afford to elevate himself to a sphere in which such low scheming measures are never dreamed of. At the top of the ladder men are independent; it is on the lower rungs where the scrambling is. But the exercise of any meanness will only prolong and not shorten the scrambling period and so defeat the end it was intended to promote.

We would like to see the noblest of all professions kept pure and free from all tarnish and hope that that desirable consummation may soon be reached, when it can truly be said that a doctor is his brother-doctor's best and dearest friend.

POETRY.

SONG.

I DWELT alone in my heart for years,
Alack! 'twas a time of care!
A home of woe—a house of tears—
But ~~no~~—thou dwellest there.

Deep dust was over the gold of life,
And the music gave no sound;
And I sat alone in the mad world's strife
That raged like a battle-ground

Till you came and walked its ways in peace:
Walked saintlike through my night;
And the gloom revives and the troubles cease,
And the gloom gives place to light.

And deep in my inmost soul I know,
Though we meet not ever again;
Though out of my life your feet must go,
And leave me alone as then.

Still, still, as the odours of roses blown
Across the ways of time,
As the echoes of old-world music known,
Or a half-forgotten chime,

The throb of your life must pulse with mine,
Though our ways must lie apart;
For you gave me a vision of love divine
That lingers in my heart.

—Edinburgh Student.

TO THE VANQUISHED.

Here's to the men who lose!
What though their work be e'er so nobly planned,
And watched with zealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand,
Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet
Courage is easy then;
The king is he who after fierce defeat
Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victors' ears;
The vanquished's banners never are unfurled,
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not success;
There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown, onward to press
And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,
And this the toast I choose:
"A hard fought failure is a noble thing,
Here's luck to them who lose!"

—George H. Broadhurst.

ODE TO MR. GLADSTONE.

Rest, strong soul, the harvest sun is low,
Beneath the glory clouds, and mellow light
Floods hill and dale; thy work is done,
Well done, and twilight fading into night;
Home, sweet home, beside the ruddy glow
Of embers bright, enjoy the peerless honor won.

Calm, soft calm, the hush of eventide,
Invites repose and quiet peaceful rest
Well earned; the gentle night is nigh,
Her silent tread approaching to the west;
Sleep, softly sleep, thy labor will abide,
The glory of your name will never, never die.

Morn, sweet morn, await your waking dreams,
Bright dawn of day, eternal happy day;
New beauties, lucid truth and love
Flow full with ever sweeter, brighter ray,
Heaven, O Heaven, in thy lucid beams
We lose our fairest light to sweeten still above.

A. D. MACNEILL.

LITERATURE.

THE CHILD IN OUR LATER LITERATURE.

AN interesting feature of recent literature is the increase of books relating to the period of childhood—books whose authors seek to enter into and reproduce for us the unconscious and innocent life of little children. Of these there are two classes: Those which are intended primarily as stories for children, and those which are rather stories about childhood, its hopes and pleasures, and that wonderful imaginative world, the true Fairyland which only children ever enter. Stories of the former class are interesting to older folk as well as to children. What for example could be more so, than Mrs. Ewing's *Jackanapes* or Kipling's *Jungle Books*? It is of the second class, however, that this paper is written. And the time is opportune as within the last three months there have been issued by the publishers of the United States either first editions or new editions of at least a dozen works of the kind. Many of our most popular works of recent fiction also show a similar tendency. *Sentimental Tommy*, J. M. Barrie's latest novel, for example, pictures a certain side of child life, as does also Arthur Morrison's *A Child of the Jago*.

What are the reasons for this? Of several, two suggest themselves as chief: The rapid expansion of the Kindergarten movement, insisting as it does, on the importance of the child's earliest years, and a more vivid consciousness of individual responsibility in the development of the race caused by a belief in evolution, with its idea of the continuity of human life and progress. We begin to see more clearly, what Froebel and Pestalozzi told us

long ago, that in the children of to-day lies the potential realization of our ideals. Further, the thoughtful man has much the same feeling with regard to little children as Wordsworth had toward nature, that here he finds a manifestation of the Eternal which, owing to its unconsciousness, is not marred by the idiosyncrosies that the later growth of individual consciousness involves.

In this paper there is almost nothing of a critical nature, because it is written, not to criticise, but to introduce some of the best works dealing with the period of childhood. Many of the books on this subject are bad, others are fair, while several are exceedingly good. To a few of the last the attention of the reader is directed, for even the university man should not reject such books as unworthy of his interest. In them he will find much food for reflection, but, better still, he will breathe again the fresh enchanted air of childhood and feel once more the glamour of "the golden age."

Passing now to the books themselves, consider for a moment a dainty little volume of verse, illustrated in the quaintest and most appropriate fashion. It is called *A Child's Garden of Verses*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, and first appeared several years ago in a much homelier dress. The charm of Stevenson's style and the fascinating interest of his tales are well known. But in this book are found two other qualities essential to the portrayal of child life—sympathy and direct simplicity—the result of similar traits in his character. For the man who could inspire in the hearts of the rude Samoan chiefs such love that they built and named for him "The Road of the Loving Heart" was the kind of man to realize and reveal the subtle impulses and fancies of childhood. And we find the very breath and finer spirit of childhood in those verses, which wander along in a delightfully inconsecutive way, thoroughly characteristic of the attitude of children towards life. Take as an instance this bit of childish observation:

"In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day."

or again,

"It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place."

or this happy thought,

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Among the more recent works, two by American authors deserve special mention. *Trumpet and Drum* is a collection of verses by the late Eugene Field, of whom a prominent writer has said: "Of

all American poets Field best understood the heart of a child." Many of them are well known, having already appeared in the magazines, and, taken as a whole, they maintain a high level of excellence. The most popular and perhaps the best is "Little Boy Blue," with its delicate touch of pathos, so characteristic of the author. James Whitcomb Riley strikes a somewhat similar note in *A Child World*:

"The child world—long and long since lost to view—
A Fairy Paradise!
How always fair it was and fresh and new—
How every affluent hour heaped heart and eyes
With treasures of surprise!"

The poet goes on in a reminiscent view to give a continuous narrative of early days, with alternating humor and pathos. Occasionally in his pictures of the old home life he drops into dialect, but the more serious verse is best:

"O child world! After this world—just as when
I found you first sufficed
My soulmost need—if I found you again,
With all my childish dream so realized,
I should not be surprised."

Turning from poetry to prose, two works stand out above the others; *The Golden Age*, by Kenneth Grahame, and *Sweetheart Travellers*, by the well-known Scottish novelist, S. R. Crocket. The first is a series of sketches giving the ideas and adventures of a family of orphans brought up by an aunt, aided by the advice of sundry other aunts and uncles, as recorded from memory by one of the children, long after "the gates had shut behind them on those days of old." Many of the sketches treat of struggles between the children and the Olympians (as the grown-up folk are called) which result from the total inability of the Olympians to look at life from the child's point of view. They are full of good things, and beneath their veil of humour lies a fund of suggestion which should be taken to heart by all Olympians who may chance to read them. The whole conception is carried out in the most natural and effective way. "*Sweetheart Travellers*, a book for children, for women and for men" is the story of a trip through Wales on a bicycle, taken by Mr. Crocket and his sweetheart—his little daughter, aged five—with several other sketches in the same vein. The varying interest is skillfully maintained and one as he reads, almost fancies himself spinning through the beautiful mountain country, enjoying the scenery so graphically pictured and listening to the innocent prattle and quaint sayings of the little maid who all through is the central figure. A few of the later chapters hardly preserve this high level and indeed the book might be shortened somewhat with good effect.

Yet it is good, very good, and should be read, not at a sitting, but a few chapters at a time, and when one is in the mood for something dainty and heart-some. Read in this way, the book is "full of the glint of spring flowers when they are wet and the sun shine slantways upon them; full of freshening winds and withdrawing clouds, and, above all, of the unbound gladness of children's laughter."

There is yet another man whose works call for treatment here, and who, in the opinion of the writer, has best succeeded in catching the spirit of child-life and at the same time preserving its subtle, evanescent atmosphere. Mr. William Canton has written two books. *The Invisible Playmate* and *W. V., Her Book and Various Verses*, of which the *Book-man* says: "Nothing so thoroughly genuine and characteristic of child life, with the exception of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age*, has appeared for many years." But no exception should be made, not even in favor of Mr. Grahame's work, excellent as it is. *The Invisible Playmate* is not yet available to readers in this country, as the English edition has been exhausted and the American edition is only in course of preparation, but several of the English critics speak of it with enthusiasm. *W. V., Her Book*, consists of prose and verse, the latter giving little thoughts and fancies, while the three prose sketches are of a more continuous character. Where the excellence is so uniform quotation is difficult, but the following lines may serve as an illustration of the subtle way in which Mr. Canton combines truth and suggestiveness of thought with the most perfect delicacy and simplicity of expression:

"Her happy, wondering eyes had ne'er
Till now ranged summer meadows o'er:
She would keep stopping everywhere
To fill with flowers her pinafore.

But when she saw how, green and wide,
Field followed field, and each was gay
With endless flowers, she laughed—then sighed,
"No use!" and threw her spoils away."

Of this book Claudius Clear says: "It is so sweet, so clear, so effortless, so unpretentious, that it is only on a second reading you begin to understand that you are handling a work of genius, * * * The book should be read in its entirety; but from the miscellaneous poems which conclude the volume, one may be taken, which expresses, like the rest, the yearning and the trust of childhood. The yearning is more intense and the trust is graver, yet still the end circles round the beginning."

In solitary rooms, when dusk is falling,
I hear from fields beyond the haunted mountains,
Beyond the unpenetrable forests,—
I hear the voices of my comrades calling,
"Home! home! home!"

Strange ghostly voices, when the dusk is falling,
Come from the ancient years; and I remember
The school-boy shout, from plain and wood and river,
The signal-cry of scattered comrades, calling,
"Home! home! home!"

And home we wended when the dusk was falling;
The pledged companions, talking, laughing, singing;
Home through the grey French country, no one missing.
And now I hear the old-time voices calling
"Home! home! home!"

I pause and listen while the dusk is falling;
My heart leaps back through all the long estrangement
Of changing faith, lost hopes, paths disenchanted,
And tears drop as I hear the voices calling,
"Home! home! home!"

I hear you while the dolorous dusk is falling;
I sigh your names—the living—the departed!
O vanished comrades, is it *you* the poignant
Pathetic note among the voices calling,
"Home! home! home!"

Call, and still call me, for the dusk is falling;
Call for I fain, I fain would come, but cannot.
Call, as the shepherd calls upon the moorland;
Though mute, with beating heart I hear your calling,
"Home! home! home!"

E. R. PEACOCK.

TAQUISARA.*

We will never cease to wonder how Marion Crawford is able to make interesting novels with such rapidity. It may be that it is due to the ten thousand dollars that are said to await each book, good or bad, that falls from his pen. But his books are always good, healthy, careful, strong. He has wonderful constructive genius, and never fails to make his story taking. We pick up any book from his pen with the assurance that we will be fittingly entertained, if not enlightened. His business has been for years story-building, and he knows full well that the world grows weary of sameness, and so he shifts his scene from time to time, returning, however, with a lover's affection to Italian scenes and Italian characters; and although he wrote with great power on the life of the New York four hundred in "Katharine Lauderdale" and "The Ralstons"—if at prodigious length—he is at his best in such a work as his latest, "Taquisara," where he deals with the loves and the hates of Italy.

In this book he shows no diminution of strength, and of all his Italian novels none is more finished or striking, with perhaps the exception of "Marzio's Crucifix." As we read this book we naturally ask what country claims the novelist. An American, and yet not an American. His art is not unlike the art of Hawthorne; careful, exact in description,

*Taquisara.—London: McMillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

strong in analysis of character, but differing in this, that whereas the older novelist has been fittingly described as a pathologist, he is a true psychologist. He is then, not a disciple of Hawthorne, nor is he of the Western school of Bret Harte; nor of the humorous type, exemplified in Mark Twain; nor of the plodding type, seen in Howells; nor does he devote his strength to this or that corner of his own land. He is the most truly cosmopolitan of modern novelists; his home is in the cities of the world; his characters are taken from India, from England, from Italy, from New York; and his style is as cosmopolitan as his characters. Hardy is English, Daudet is French, Tolstoi is Russian, but Crawford is an Italian in sympathy to-day; to-morrow a Hindoo mystic, or an American multi-millionaire.

But we have to do with "Taqisara." After a very dramatic opening in which the heroine, Donna Veronica, wills her property, in case of her death, to her aunt, Countess Macomer, we are plunged into the action. The story is an old one. The uncle, the guardian of Donna Veronica, has speculated with her fortune; lost; speculated again, and finding ruin staring him in the face, plots her death. The characters in this opening scene are drawn with great clearness and individuality, and to the end of the book are well sustained. The novel takes its name from its hero, Taquisara, a Sicilian, the kind of man we read about in books, but never meet in real life; a splendid character for a drama, and no doubt before long we will see him on the stage. When he appears before us we know him for the hero *sans tache*. But we will let the novelist draw his own character.

"He might have stood for the portrait of a Saracen warrior of the eleventh century, with his high, dark features and keen eyes, his even lips, square jaws, and smooth, tough throat. He had, too, something of the Arabian dignity in his bearing, and he walked with long, well-balanced step, swiftly, but without haste, as the Arah walks bare-footed in the sand, not even suspecting that weariness can ever come upon him; erect, proud, without self-consciousness, elastic; collected and ever ready, in his easy and effortless movement, for sudden and violent action. He was not pale, as dark Italians are, but his skin had the color and look of fresh light bronze, just chiselled, and able to reflect the sun, while having a light of its own from the strong blood beneath."

Work like this is characteristic of Marion Crawford. It is minute, studied for effects of light and shade, exact; at once a portrait, a statue, and a man. A little more of the portrait and statue, no doubt, than of the man. But Taquisara is as true to life as any of Scott's titular heroes, and is sure to please every reader who delights in the Sir Kenneths,

the Quentin Durwards, and the Ivanhoes of romance. Once or twice, too, he gives utterance to sentiments that we will search for in vain in an Ivanhoe.

A touch such as this is striking:

"I do not know," said the young girl. "Are all men bad, as a rule?"

"Perhaps," answered the Sicilian, shortly. "At all events, Gianluca was not. One saw that all the little that was bad in his life was only a jest, while all the much that was good was real and true."

Veronica, too, is well drawn. She has plenty of will, and although she acts towards Gianluca, the youth who is dying for love of her, in a highly ridiculous manner, she is on the whole an excellent sister of the imagination for Katharine Lauderdale; for although the one is horn under the blue Italian sky, and the other in the rush and whirl of New York, they are of one flesh and blood.

Gregorio and Matilde Macomer and poor Bosio are all good creations, and the novelist wrote in a mighty moment when he drew Gregorio's madness.

But the work has serious blemishes. It is too highly melodramatic in parts, and in several scenes affects the careful and thoughtful reader as does "East Lynne," or—but the tribe is known to all men. Marion Crawford, too, ever since Mr. Isaacs got into his brain has had a love of spiritualism and the supernatural. His ghosts in "With the Immortals" we all enjoyed, as he was careful to explain the method by which they were made visible, but the spiritualism of Giuditta Astarita, the Somanbulist of this book, puzzles us. No explanation of the startling phenomena is given, and we are almost compelled to think that the novelist is a thorough believer in spiritualism, and that he takes it for granted that all his readers believe in it too. Again the fatal ease of his style leads him to write at too great length. There are too many words in "Taqisara," and if half the introspection and description were eliminated it would be a better book. But no doubt he felt he had to earn ten thousand dollars, and that a book of four hundred pages would be far more worth the money than one of two hundred. However, we get even with you, Mr. Crawford, we know your dreary wastes and in them we do not tarry.

T.G.M.

The following item, referring to last year's President of the A.M.S., appears in the *Gazette*:

James McAllister Farrell, of Kingston, barrister at law, is to be a deputy registrar in Admiralty of the Exchequer Court for the district of Toronto, in respect to actions in the said Court which may arise in the counties of Hastings, Prince Edward, Lennox, Addington, Frontenac, Leeds, Grenville, Dundas, Stormont, and Glengarry.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF DOCTRINE IN THE PRE-CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

IN "Christian Literature" for January, the premier article, on the above subject, is by the Rev. George G. Low, Rector of Almonte. Like all Mr. Lowe's writings, it is in sympathy with what is best in modern thought while in full accord with Catholic Christianity. Starting with Newman's seven tests of "true development" as distinguished from "corruption" of doctrine, he points out that these are even more applicable to the Old Testament Church, as it was an organic unity, than they can be to the Roman or any other single portion of the Christian Church, and that the principle of development is positively stated in the words of Elohim to Moses (Exo. 6: 2, 3), to the effect that He was known to the Patriarchs as Power, whereas He would now reveal Himself as Jehovah. In the childhood of the world, God is always known as Power, and generally destructive, that being more apparent and terrifying than constructive or immanent power. But in the process of Revelation, He whom Israel had long adored as Power came out into clearer light as the Eternal Lord of all, who was in a special sense the God of Israel. In due season they further realized that He was the Holy One, the inflexibly Righteous ruler, and so they attained—alone of all nations—to a pure, spiritual Monotheism. The highest ideal that "God is Love," with the truth of the Fatherhood of God and its corresponding truth of "the Kingdom," subjects of which we are invited to become, was made known by the Incarnation, Death, Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus, the only-begotten son. The slowness with which Israel grasped the evolution of truth is what might be expected, when we consider how slow the Christian Church is to see any progress in theology. "Even the primary truth of the unity of God, though taught persistently from the very beginning of their national life, was not fully learned by them till after the captivity in Babylon." The only fault we have to find with Mr. Low's article is its brevity.

CHRISTIANITY AND IDEALISM.

We who are students and have known something of Dr. Watson's true greatness are glad to see him coming out from the sphere of pure philosophy, and by applying his philosophical principles to the great practical problems of men, making himself known and helpful to others as he has been to us. The object of his new book, "Christianity and Idealism," is to show (1) that idealism is in its main principles an ultimate interpretation of the world; (2) that Christianity in the moral sense gives the ultimate

explanation of life, and is therefore the ultimate form of religion and never to be transcended; (3) that as a result Christianity and Idealism are essentially in harmony as the highest religion and the highest philosophical interpretation of life.

Such a book cannot but be of the utmost value. We have heard it said that it is time Christianity ceased to apologize for itself, and the statement is no doubt correct. Dr. Watson has made a step in the right direction in giving a positive apologetic for Christianity, an apologetic that to thinking minds is infinitely more valuable and convincing than a score of volumes taken up with answering petty little criticisms, that if left alone would die a natural death. He has a strong belief in the self-evidencing power of truth, and so has made it his aim, so far as possible, to present to the reader, not Christian theology, but Christianity itself in its naked purity. Such a presentation does much to free us from the trappings and incumbrances of mediaeval theology that still have no small place in our religion.

The author's manner in writing is worthy of notice, and will tend to a candid and an appreciative consideration of his views by every reader. It is not argumentative or debating. He does not flaunt his views boastfully in the face of those who might be regarded as opponents, but states kindly, clearly and sympathetically the positive truth, in the hope that it will do its own work and destroy what is untrue. He goes about his work with the patience and sympathy of the great teacher, showing thus that his object is not so much to prove that his own views are right as to lead others to the light. The following synopsis is given in the hope that it will be more suggestive than any comment the writer could make:

The author begins by giving the Christian conception of the human race as a single spiritual organism, in which each gains his own perfection by self-identification with all the rest. According to this conception morality is inseparable from religion; and the truth of this is seen by reference to the totemistic religions and also to the Greek and Hebrew. An examination of totemism, polytheism and monotheism shows that the moral and religious standards advance together. Neither Greek nor Jewish ideal as we shall see reached a satisfactory conception of God, man and the world; the question is whether Christianity is not another, though more splendid failure.

The Greek ideal is that of perfect manhood. Its fundamental defect is that it conceives of the highest life as simply an expansion of the natural life. It has no deep sense of the unity and spirituality of the divine, and consequently of the distinction between what man is and what he ought to be. There is a sort of instinctive transcendence of polytheism in

the conception of Jews as father of God and men. In *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* we have, virtually, an ethical monotheism. Plato, in contending that God is the source of all goodness and that evil cannot in any sense proceed from Him, at the same time excludes God from the actual world. He thus by natural development is led to maintain a spiritual monotheism resembling in its main features that of the Hebrews. The infinite, however, cannot be in this way severed from the finite, God from man, unless we are prepared to regard the finite as pure illusion.

Israel, without passing through the usual stage of polytheism, advances from totemism to the worship of the great powers of nature, and from the latter to the worship of Jehovah. Up to the time of the great prophets, Jehovah, the God of Israel, was conceived only as the greatest of all gods. By the prophets Jehovah was regarded as the God of nations, the holy God, who ruled the world in the interests of righteousness. With the conception of God as absolutely holy there arose a consciousness of the opposition between the finite and infinite, the actual and ideal. God is removed to an infinite distance. Religion is no longer communion with God, but the right relation of man before him. Hence the importance of the law, and the hope of future reward on condition of its faithful observance. The Messianic hope was the natural result of this legalistic conception. They looked for a time when the world would be united under the sceptre of Israel, with Messiah as ruler and judge, administering punishment and reward.

John Baptist overthrows this legalistic point of view by preaching a change of mind as the necessary preparation for the kingdom of the Messiah. Jesus gave to this truth even deeper meaning, by showing that the change of mind which makes one a member of His kingdom is a personal consciousness of the infinite love of God. The Mosaic law he fulfils not in its ceremonial but in its moral part. His new commandment, "Love your enemies, etc.," is the core of Christian ethics, that which gives it its superiority and makes it inconceivable that it should ever be transcended. God is the "Father" of men; in nature they are fundamentally identical. Man, therefore, is capable of repeating in his own small way the large and all embracing charity of his heavenly Father.

The Messianic hopes of his countrymen, Jesus held, rested on a misconception of the relation of God to man. That relation was ever one of love, not of legalistic contact. The coming of the kingdom could not mean a sudden and miraculous manifestation of power. The one obstacle to the reign of righteousness was the blindness and sin of man.

Absolute faith in the goodness of God was the keynote of all his teachings. Suffering he explained as a necessary step in the whole process by which man is lifted to a higher plane. As to the apparent triumph of evil he shows that the world is not to be explained on the legalistic supposition of external rewards and punishments. The righteous man has no right to an external reward; the end of human life is not prosperity, but a development of the spirit. The positive side of his teaching is to direct the whole being to the laying up of treasures in heaven, meaning by this that change of mind that transforms the whole spirit and throws new light on all things. Evil he saw could not ultimately triumph over the truth; its temporary success meant real failure. The kingdom of heaven is a process, the development of the higher in its struggle with the lower. Nothing can ultimately withstand the principle of goodness. The system of external rewards and punishments is swept away, and in its place we have one fundamental distinction, those whose lives are ruled by the spirit of brotherhood and those who live for self. Faith, which is a form of reason, is the consciousness of unity and reconciliation with God. From the essential identity in nature of God and man, he holds that personal immortality necessarily follows.

When we pass from the religion of Jesus to mediæval Christianity we enter into another world. His triumphant optimism and his absolute faith in the realization of the kingdom here and now, have been replaced by a stern denunciation of the utter perversity and evil of society and by the postponement of the kingdom of heaven to the future life. Faith was regarded as opposed to reason, and a whole network of unintelligible doctrine and of priestly authority lay between man and God. This inconsistency resulted in the downfall of scholasticism and mediæval theology in the new life of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Nothing short of the perfect harmony of science, art and religion can permanently satisfy the human spirit, and at such it is the task of philosophy to aim. In the second part of the work the inquiry is made how far idealistic philosophy enables us to hold the fundamental conception of life, which was enunciated by the founder of Christianity.

Idealism, it has been said, "reduces all experience to an experience of relations or constitutes a universe out of categories." The incorrectness of this statement may easily be shown to rest on a misunderstanding of idealism. The idea that the knowable world involves two elements, a matter of sense and conceptions or relations by which matter is formed, is grievously erroneous. The whole conception of independent subject and object is a self-

contradiction. A purely receptive subject is nothing. An object that is not such for a knowing subject is not an object at all. Whatever the object is, it is for a subject, and any other object is a fiction of abstraction. The only contrast is that between the object as less or more fully determined. What idealism maintains is that the knowable world exists only for a self-conscious subject. The impossibility of having consciousness of an object which cannot be combined in the consciousness of self is a proof that the world is a rational system. Our knowledge is not complete, but unless reality in its true nature is different from the reality we know, it must be thinkable reality. The world, in other words, is reasonable through and through.

The ultimate conception then by which existence must be explained is that of a self-conscious, self-determined being. (1) The absolute is inadequately conceived as substance, for the conception rests upon the independence of mind and nature. They are not independent, as idealism shows, but Nature is the manifestation of mind, mind the principle of unity in nature. The absolute is not equally manifested in all, but in various degrees, the most perfect manifestation being seen in self-conscious beings. (2) The absolute is inadequately conceived as a power, *i.e.*, as a first cause or creator. When we speak of infinite power we transcend the idea of power altogether, which implies a negative capacity of overcoming opposition. When we speak of the relation of absolute and determinate reality the category of causality is transcended. The world cannot be separated from the absolute, but must be regarded as the manifestation or objectification of the absolute. (3) The absolute is not adequately conceived as a person, *i.e.*, as an individual and an individual capable of conceiving self as a self. Personality in so far as it conveys the idea of self-consciousness is a true characterization of the absolute; in so far as it emphasises the aspect of self-activity in opposition to another it is imperfect. Now the absolute is not an abstract person but a spirit, *i.e.*, a being whose essential nature consists in opposing to himself beings in unity with whom he realizes himself. This conception of a self-alienating, self-distinguishing subject is the fundamental idea of the doctrine of the Trinity. Now the world manifests purpose, evolution from lower to higher, as its essential nature. Man not only develops but grasps the law of his development. The possibility of progress lies in man's capability to contrast with his immediate self an ideal self. Only for this reason is he moral. With this capacity is bound up the possibility of willing evil. The original state of man was one in which he had the most inadequate conception of God, himself and the world. Evil is

inseparable from the process by which he transcends his immediate life. The fact that evil is contradictory to his nature makes it impossible for man to rest in it.

The mediæval conception of salvation cannot be accepted in the form in which it is stated, *viz.*, that God might have pardoned man out of pure mercy, or man might have expiated his sin by a humility corresponding to his guilt. The latter was impossible, the former inconsistent with the justice of God; therefore God offered up his Son in man's stead, thus reconciling infinite justice with infinite mercy. The root of the error is the conception of sin. Sin is identified with crime and therefore God is conceived as an inexorable judge. But sin is not crime; crime is the violation of the personal rights of another. Sin is a desecration of the ideal nature of the sinner; not a violation of rights. Sin requires no external punishment therefore; it is its own punishment. Man can be saved only as he realizes in his own life the self-communicating spirit of God. In taking upon himself the burden of the race he lives the divine life. This is the secret Jesus realized in his life and to have made this secret practically our own is to be justified by faith. The Christian ideal of life, as here understood, is broad enough to embrace all the elements in the complex spirit of the modern world. The ideal of the church has tended to limit Christianity to the direct promotion of the moral ideal to the exclusion of the more comprehensive ideal, which recognizes that the goal is the full development of all means by which the full perfection of humanity is realized. The Christian ideal, as taught by Jesus, is free from this limitation and embraces all that makes for the higher life. *

Such a work should not only allay the fears of those who are accustomed to regard philosophy as tending to make men sceptics and unbelievers, but should also have a permanent and substantial effect on the theological views of the church. It is with sincere pride we mark the fact that the man who has guided the thought of Queen's for a quarter of a century is eminent not only as a philosopher but as a Christian philosopher. His indefatigable and unceasing labors in the sphere of philosophy, his untiring zeal in the promotion of the truth, his patience and sympathy and wisdom as a teacher have revealed to his students at least the fact that the Christian ideal is for him not a mere visionary theory but a living reality.

H.

A woman's gymnasium to cost \$50,000 will soon be built at the University of Michigan.

Efforts are being made to start a paper at John Hopkins, at present the only large institution in the country which has no student publication.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

AT an open meeting of the Society, held in Convocation Hall on Jan. 16, a committee, composed of W. F. Nickle, B.A., W. R. Carmichael, M.A., and M. G. Gandier, B.A., was appointed to investigate the relation of the Athletic Committee to the Society; to discern as far as possible on what basis the Athletic Committee was formed; what were the sources of its income and what monies are yet due from such source. This committee to report at as early a date as possible, recommending means of securing a more satisfactory control of finances by the Society and its committee than is exercised at present.

The report of the JOURNAL staff was presented, stating that the college organ was not receiving the support of the students as fully as in former years. That there was a falling off in the number of subscribers among the Arts students and especially among the freshmen, only ten of whom were taking the JOURNAL.

The Society then resolved itself into a mock parliament.

The meeting last Saturday night was also held in Convocation Hall, and in the early part of the evening considerable business was transacted, the Second Vice-President occupying the chair. Two motions were passed relating to the Secretary's duties; one, directing that hereafter notices of the Society's meetings should be posted in the Science Hall; and the other lightening his work, by authorizing the purchase of suitable files for the better preservation of all important documents belonging to the Society or its committees. The committee appointed to put in electric lights at the college entrances reported that they had completed their work and their report was received and laid over. The motion on the books from last year pledging the Society to undertake a conversazione was formally rescinded, and it is expected that this year an Arts Faculty dinner will be held in its stead. Notice of motion was given regarding a special number of the JOURNAL to be issued next spring. The sum of \$25.00 was granted to the Musical Committee to be expended for musical purposes.

After the settlement of various other matters the meeting resolved itself into a mock parliament, and the lately re-elected Speaker took the chair for the first time this session, amid great cheering. Before proceeding to business he made a few pleasing remarks, thanking the house for unanimously re-electing him for the fourth time, and regretting his inability to be present at the opening of the house. The first order was government business and the

Premier opened the adjourned debate on the speech from the throne. Then followed a rapid succession of speeches from members on both sides of the house, characterized by such brilliancy of logic, rhetoric and repartee that the gas in comparison grew dim and threatened to go out. The address was finally passed without a division and the leader of the opposition took the floor, amid great applause, and laid before the house a number of grave charges against the Hon. Minister of Agriculture, which are to be more thoroughly investigated at a later date. The house then adjourned to meet again next Saturday.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The second annual meeting of the society was held in the Philosophy Room, on Monday evening, Jan. 25th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

T. G. Marquis, M.A., Honorary President; N. R. Carmichael, M.A., President; Robt. Burton, 1st Vice-President; W. C. Baker, M.A., 2nd Vice-President; N. M. Leckie, Secretary-Treasurer; J. S. Shortt, B.A., Critic. After the adjournment of the annual meeting, J. S. Shortt, B.A., read a very interesting paper on "The Wasps" of Aristophanes. Space does not permit us here to give a summary of the essay, thoroughly original and comprehensive in its mode of treatment of the subject in hand. G. E. Dyde, B.A., and R. Herbison, M.A., supplemented the leader's presentation of the subject by some appropriate comparisons with and references to modern thought. "Story of the Creation" is the subject for the February meeting and the leaders are F. J. Pope, M.A., and D. McG. Gandier, B.A.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.

The first session of the mock parliament was held on the 16th at an open meeting of the A.M.S. The speaker's gallery was crowded with ladies whose presence had a marked influence upon many of the members of the House and led them to oratorical efforts that were marvellous. A good deal of the red tape that accompanies the opening of parliament was dispensed with. His Excellency had his speech printed and sent in advance to the Commons so that that body was not summoned to the senate chamber to hear it read. Hon. Farquharson A. McRae was elected Speaker without opposition and will preside in his own inimitable way over the deliberations of the House. The Speaker being unavoidably absent, Hon. Robert Burton was appointed *pro tem*. The mace, a rare work of art, was brought in and the business of the session was begun. The new ministry was announced as follows:—

Prime Minister and President of the Privy Council, The Hon. Sir Alexander White Richardson; Minister of Justice, The Hon. Sir James Wallace, K.C.B.; Minister of Finance, The Hon. Clifford Ernest Smith; Minister of Marine, The Hon. Alfred William Playfair; Minister of Trade and Commerce, The Hon. Sir Thurlow Fraser; Minister of Militia, The Hon. Robert Franklin Hunter; Minister of Agriculture, The Hon. Melville Brockett Tudhope; Minister of Public Works, The Hon. Robert Young; Minister of Railways and Canals, The Hon. Sidney Gould; Minister of Interior, The Hon. Sir David William Best; Secretary of State, The Hon. Allan James Meiklejohn; Postmaster General, The Hon. Sir Alexander Selkirk Morrison; Comptroller of Customs, The Hon. Thomas Joseph Smith Ferguson; Comptroller of Inland Revenue, The Hon. George Alexander McGaughey; Solicitor General, The Hon. Neil McMillan Lecky.

A. E. Hagar then arose and in a speech full of sustained eloquence and words, moved the address in reply to the speech from the throne. This was seconded by A. Geo. McKinnon in a fluent speech in French. The Hon. J. S. Shortt, leader of the opposition, opened the debate in a very happy speech in which he roused the enthusiasm of his followers and the ire of those on the government benches. The debate then became general and was carried on in a very spirited manner for some time, when the adjournment was moved by the Premier.

HOCKEY NOTES.

Last week our 1st team played three exhibition matches, with the Frontenacs, R. M. C., and the Rockwoods, in each of which we were successful.

We are out of the run for the Junior championship of Ontario, having been defeated twice by II Frontenac, first by a score of 10 to 9, and again by a score of 5 to 2. We wish our opponents success against all foreign teams.

*Our team played Yale in New York, Saturday night, for the international and inter-collegiate championship of America. We won by a score of 3 to 0. A report of the trip and match will appear at greater length in next JOURNAL.

Last Friday an event of unusual interest took place at the Kingston rink, being a match between the Hot Tomalies of Hogan's Alley and the Rosebuds, a nondescript aggregation under the captaincy of a bud that was rather full blown. The "yellow kid" and the "old man" of the alley were there, urging their men on to victory by fair means, if possible, if not, by foul. After a very exciting game the Hot Tomalies won by a score of 5 to 3. Of course their ringers did the trick. Some of the

individual members deserve mention. "Beeswax" stuck to the ice in a manner worthy of his namesake; "Mike" danced "Tulloch Gorum" between the posts as the shots rained in on him, in a way to do credit to his Highland cousins. "Pete" has ordered a pair of iron shin pads and a pair of skates for his head; while "Buz" maintains he is "all wool and a yard wide." With careful nursing the wounded expect to be around to play a return match before the winter ends.

We notice in a daily paper a communication, purporting to be written by a McGill student and signed "98," in which Queen's title to the collegiate hockey championship of Canada is questioned. As our friend has probably rushed into print without taking the trouble to ascertain the facts, and is full of that humptious spirit which characterizes all men whose days of college life have been few, we will in all good nature try to instruct this callow youth. Two years ago an inter-collegiate league was formed, comprising McGill, Queen's, Trinity and Toronto University. At the end of the season Queen's held the championship in virtue of having fairly defeated all other teams in the league. Since that time none of the other teams of Canada have defeated us. And thereon, O "98," we base our claim to the hockey championship.

THE APRIL ENTERTAINMENTS - ART LOAN.

A feature of the series of Gyn. entertainments at Convocation Hall, which promises to be of great interest, is an art loan collection, to be on exhibition for several days. What is aimed at is to procure the best paintings in Canada, instead of a great number of works of second, third and fourth-rate merit. Probably the two best and most striking pictures in the country are "The First Communion," by Jules Breton, and the "Raising of Jairus Daughter," by Gabriel Max, the one owned by Sir Donald Smith, and the other by the Hon. Senator Drummond. Each of these has been exhibited in cities by itself, and has drawn crowds of visitors, paying 25 and 50 cents each to see it. Both have been promised for our art loan collection. These alone would guarantee its success, and others have already been secured, scarcely second in merit. One in particular, "The Girondins on their way to the Guillotine," by the Munich artist, Piloty, is a painting of extraordinary interest.

It may be noted that it costs to obtain the loan of such treasures. Each has to be carefully packed, boxed up, and heavily insured. The committee has also to take every precaution during the exhibition to preserve it from the slightest injury. The committee, however, does not grudge the expense and is only too glad to take the risk.

MEDICAL COLLEGE.

KINGSTON MEDICAL QUARTERLY.

THE January issue of the *Kingston Medical Quarterly* follows up the same plan as the first number of that journal. The editorial notes are short, the first dealing with the approaching conference of the British Medical Association which, to the honor of Canada, is to be held this year in Montreal; in the second some startling revelations are brought to light concerning immorality in Canada.

Dr. C. K. Clarke opens the technical part of the journal with some sound advice to the general practitioner about filling out certificates of insanity. He points out the risk incurred by any who may wrongly give a verdict of insanity and urges the greatest precaution in diagnosing that disease. When there is no doubt as to the insane condition of a patient, generalities in expression should be avoided. Specific statements are needed. Such terms as "general expression" and "appearance of eyes" may appear satisfactory, but when subjected to the scrutinizing cross questioning of a clever lawyer readily collapse.

The subject of intubation, which is at present engaging the interest of the medical profession, is ably reviewed by Dr. J. C. Connell. The time to operate is indicated and the operation described. Dr. Connell enters a plea on behalf of intubation in preference to its twin operation, tracheotomy, giving what seems to be conclusive reasons why the former is preferable, and not the least of these, to our mind, is the unbounded success which has crowned his own efforts with the operation.

The report of a case of chronic gastritis associated with cæcioma is well written by Dr. Herald and appropriate lessons drawn therefrom.

Dr. W. T. Connell's inaugural address appears in this issue and will amply repay perusal.

A rather remarkable case of proclivencia uteri at the full term of pregnancy is well reported by Dr. Haig, of Campbellford.

The subject of recurrent appendicitis, its dangers, and advisability of immediate operation, together with a short outline of an operation performed, is ably treated by Dr. Garrett, who also describes an operation for removal of gall-stones, and a diagnosis of their presence and one for the excision of hæmorrhoids.

We would like to outline the subjects discussed in the remaining articles, but must content ourselves with the bare mention of them. Dr. Third reports a case of carcinoma of the penis, Dr. D. E. Mundell discusses the radical cure of hernia, and Dr. Wood a complicating case of erysipelas.

On the whole this issue is very satisfactory. The different articles are exceedingly well written, and the subjects treated possess the liveliest interest for the profession. There is only one fault—a trifling one at that—we have to find. There is a distressing number of misprints noticeable here and there throughout. It is something new to hear of anyone going to his "external rest," as the printer makes our worthy Dean say of the first medical graduates of Queen's.

The excellence of the articles, combined with their originality, and the interest that is being taken by outside physicians, all augur well for a bright future for the *Kingston Medical Quarterly* now in its infancy.

NOTES.

Medical Professor (lecturing on ophthalmology)—"Practising surgeons in British India state that operations on the eye are borne with varying degrees of fortitude by the different castes?"

Student—"What effect do they have on the ocular cast?"

One would think that an election was pending in the near future to see some students exercising their pull with the ladies at the rink.

Prof.—"Why is the life of a bird faster than that of a dog?"

Mr. A.—"Because it is so fly, sir!"

We are at present enjoying the company of a number of recent graduates, who are preparing themselves for that trying ordeal, the Ontario Council examination.

The increase in the membership fee of the Alma Mater Society will in all probability have the undesirable effect of reducing the medical membership of that Society. The dues which a medical student is called upon to pay are far in excess of those of any other student, and unless there is the keenest competition at election time it is extremely likely that the medical element will not be so much in evidence as it has been in the not very remote past.

Rumors are afloat to the effect that a session of the angst and awe-inspiring Concurus is about to be held. It is further whispered that those students who persistently disturb the peace and quiet of the sanctified class-rooms with their hideous yells while indulging in the terpsichorean art are the offenders who will be brought to feel the error of their ways. It really seems a pity that quiet cannot be obtained while classes are going on even after repeated requests from Tom and the professors. No one will grudge medicals making all the noise they please between classes, if only they respect the wishes of their professors by maintaining a dignified silence at other times.

ARTS COLLEGE.

YEAR MEETINGS.

'98.

THE Junior year, when it met on Jan. 25th, shewed by a large attendance and general enthusiasm, that it does not intend its hitherto high reputation for unity and interest in its meetings, to decline in any respect.

The programme committee had concluded to make oratory a prominent feature of the meeting. After Miss Ryckman and Mr. McIntyre had been chosen as delegates to the coming "At Home" (of '99), Mr. W. W. McLaren was appointed Critic and orations were in order.

Mr. Anthony, prophet, somewhat deterred by the bitter omen of the "gas burning low," made his sessional prophetic utterance, and felt justified in making the forecast a rather dubious one, seeing that circumstances afforded very little "light on the subject." The prophecy was humorous and well received.

Then followed impromptu addresses, full of interest, by Messrs. Brandon, Griffith, W. F. Marshall, Sinclair, Bernstein, and Edmison.

The Critic then made his report and the meeting adjourned until three weeks from date, in order that it might not conflict with the published programme of the Philological Society.

'99.

The President of '99 being unavoidably absent from the year meeting held on Jan. 12th, Mr. W. McDonald took his place. Arrangements were made for an "At Home" in the College building, the date fixed being Jan. 29th. Then a short programme was given, consisting of a piano solo by Miss Bryson, a reading by Mr. I. Beckstead, and a debate. The debaters were Messrs. R. B. Dargavel and Dempster, and their subject was "The Admission of Women to the Professions." Decision was given by Messrs. J. D. Byrnes, G. Wilmer and Seaton of '98 in favor of Mr. Dempster and the negative.

The programme at the '99 meeting on Jan. 26th included a Scotch reading by J. A. McConnell; some reminiscences of a summer survey by J. A. M. Bell; our national educational system by the Orator, J. H. Smith, and an interesting review by the Critic, D. M. Robertson.

Y. M. C. A.

The last meeting of our Association for last term was held Thursday, Dec. 17th. The subject, "Our Relation to One Another," was taken by Mr. F. Millar. He brought out the truth of our inseparable unity in the fabric of society, and the need that we, as individuals, show ourselves, in all our conduct one with another, true men in Christ.

Mr. Hermiston, a graduate of D. L. Moody's school, was present and addressed to us some helpful practical words and favoured us with a selection of sacred song.

For our first meeting this term, Jan. 8th, the subject was taken by Mr. J. H. Turnbull. The topic, "An Open Door," was treated by the leader as specially suited to the beginning of the new year. He showed the value of making the best use of the open doors, and how the higher we reached the greater and grander would be the openings for us. The whole matter lay with ourselves. Onward and upward should be our watchword, putting always our trust in Him who is able to keep us from falling.

The meeting, Jan. 15th, was taken by Mr. N. J. McLean, the subject being, "A man without a price." The leader gave an appreciative paper on the inherent worth and leavening influence of true character. At this meeting there was a decided improvement in the numbers who took part in making the hour pleasant and profitable.

On Jan. 22nd, we held one of the best meetings of the year. The subject, "Christ the Son of God," was taken by J. W. McIntosh. He said there were three prophecies in the Old Testament as to a future Kingdom and a coming King, but as Christ was so unlike what they expected, it took even his intimate followers a long time to understand that he was the one who fulfilled all prophecy. Spiritual insight alone could interpret the heart and mission of Jesus and that is as true to-day as it was then.

Y. W. C. A.

On Jan. 15th the subject of the meeting was "Night and Nothing, Morning and Jesus." Miss A. Boyd read a very good paper and an interesting discussion followed.

A special meeting was held on Monday, the 18th, at which Miss Botterell, the Dominion Secretary of the Y.W.C.A., addressed us. It was an exceedingly helpful meeting, and we all appreciated Miss Botterell's kind words.

Miss Dawson was the leader at the following meeting and gave some instructive lessons from Ruth. Miss Botterell also gave a missionary address.

E. J. Stewart, '96, has returned to Queen's to "drink more deeply of the original fountain" of Greek literature.

H. C. Windel, M.A., whose fate was for a long time uncertain, relieved his anxious friends by appearing in the halls last week. He accounts for his disappearance by stating that he spent the summer in the North West, in the study of agricultural phenomena.

DIVINITY HALL.

NOTES.

OUR President, M. H. Wilson, B.A., has been chosen by common consent to fulfil the duties of valedictorian for the Senior year. His Holiness has warmly approved the choice, expressing himself in these terms: "Is enim est eloquens, qui et humilia subtiliter, et magna graviter, et mediocria temperate potest dicere."

R. Burton was one of Queen's representatives at the annual Y.M.C.A. convention held last week in Ottawa.

The other day a worthy member of the Senior year entered class ten minutes late. As he took his seat the recording angel wrote down the number 21583.

F. A. McRae, who was detained at home by his mother's illness, returned on the 18th inst. He will henceforth be in his place as Speaker of the House of Commons, a position he has ably filled during several sessions of the Mock Parliament.

We notice with much pleasure that the Arts Society has decided to undertake the management of an Arts dinner at the close of the present term. As Divinity students who have breathed the college atmosphere for at least four years, we should realize the necessity for such a function, as a manifestation both of student unity and of the courtesy due to sister universities. We therefore bespeak for the dinner the cordial support of Divinity Hall.

These are the days of homilies, lectures, sermons and criticals, and a weary weight of sorrow presses upon the overworked divines. We had been accustomed heretofore to accept and practise Herbert's counsel, "Resort to sermons but to prayers most; praying's the end of preaching." Now, however, our advisers urge us to reverse the statement, and having regard to our sheepskins, we are constrained to obey. With no little apprehension we await the result, eagerly hoping that a few good commentaries and the lapse of time may reconcile us to the change. Meantime the price of paper has increased and the blue lead-pencil is much in evidence.

Inquisitive freshman to tutor in French—"Is this your first 'whirl' at the University?"

A lady, who is unacquainted with parliamentary procedure, witnessed the formal opening of parliament last Saturday evening. She was deeply interested but also puzzled. "Who is that gentleman in the chair on the platform?"

"That's Mr. Burton, the Deputy-Speaker," replied her friend.

"The Speaker? Why, he didn't talk much."

PERSONALS.

We have received from a subscriber living at Bath, Ont., a number of articles on mathematical and theological questions. The majority of these are, we fear, of too abstruse and technical a character for a magazine like the JOURNAL.

Rev. D. R. Drummond, B.D., of Russelltown, Que., was called to the pastorate of Knox Church, St. Thomas, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 5th. This is one of the largest and most important congregations in the Presbyterian Church. The call was entirely unanimous, no other name being proposed. The interesting thing is that Mr. Drummond was not a candidate, and never preached to the congregation there. He was called upon his record as an able preacher and faithful pastor. The pulpit has been vacant since July last, when Rev. J. A. Macdonald resigned to accept the editorship of *The Westminster*. Knox Church, Ottawa, has also been desirous of having Mr. Drummond's services.—*Pres. Review*.

The London *Star* contains the following note:—

"It seems that an enterprising insurance manager has succeeded in insuring the Ambassador of the Emperor of China, the Grand Secretary, the Grand Tutor and Guardian of the Heir Apparent of the Celestial Kingdom, the Earl of the First Grade—*enfin*, Li the Interviewer!"

According to *The Policy Holder Journal*, the smart individual who has secured Li Hung Chang's policy is Dr. Horsey, the Asiatic manager of the Sun Life Office of Canada, who represents and manages a district whose population is estimated at 500,000,000, more or less. Dr. Horsey travelled with Li Hung Chang during a great part of his recent grand tour, and his intercourse of 2,500 miles with the 'cute traveller' concluded in something much better than the usual platonic farewell."

Not only did Dr. Horsey secure Li's policy, but he got him to write an essay on life insurance. Li the scribe says in his essay that when he first heard of life insurance he was unable to understand it; but he eventually realized that it was simply an exemplification of the philosophy of preparing in the time of plenty for days of adversity, as propounded by Chao Ping Chung in his commentary on the words of the Sage Mencius. Moreover, Li created Dr. Horsey a Knight of the Double Dragon.

Dr. Horsey, it may be added, is a native of Ontario, having graduated eight or ten years ago from Queen's University, where he was very popular. A brother of his, Mr. Herbert Horsey, was a well-known football player, having played wing with great brilliancy on the Queen's University team. He is now in China with his brother, and is probably inducing Li Hung Chang to introduce football into the Chinese educational curriculum.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THE following note received from our comic editor will account for any gloomy tone in the present issue of the JOURNAL:

"DEAR SIR,—My nervous system is broken down and I feel compelled to resign my position as editor of De Nobis. The uncertain tenure of life, the awful threats of bodily harm to which in the last few weeks I have been compelled to listen, have been too much for my debilitated and dyspeptic frame and I must make an end. As such a large number of your readers object to being used to point a moral or adorn a tale, to having greatness thrust upon them through the columns of the JOURNAL, I can only retire and leave those persons to the innocuous desuetude for which nature has intended them. All arrears of salary I leave to the General Hospital.

Yours in sadness,

DE NOBIS EDITOR."

We could have better spared a better man. Until, however, we meet with an ex-editor of *Punch* in need of employment, we shall struggle along with an inexperienced substitute.

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Tutor (explaining points in philology) — "Mr G-lb-th, what is the Greek article?"

Mr. G.—"An unnecessary evil, sir."

In the House of Commons (Saturday evening). Leader of the Opposition.—"I ask the Leader of the Government why the great Italian, Signor Roasti Peannitti, has not made his intended visit to the Capital."

Premier.—"He would have been here ere now, but has had trouble in getting his monkey through the customs. He also travels with an elephant and cannot get his trunk checked."

On Xmas Day an Ottawa minister, whom Queen's students esteem it a privilege to hear, narrated a dream descriptive of an ideal city. It was done in delightful style, and the art with which the problems of the day were touched and solutions suggested was a pleasing variety of Homiletics. But one good old lady missed the sermon. She was loyal to her minister, however, and therefore she liked his dream, she said, "though some didn't. And then you know Mr. — has a hard time now. His children have the measles, and I suppose he hadn't time to get up a sermon."

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